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Home College Series.

Number ~~~~~ \* ~~~~~ *Eighty-Seven.*

CHARLES LAMB.

BY MISS JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

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J. H. VINCENT.

NEW YORK, Jan., 1853.

## CHARLES LAMB.

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CHARLES LAMB was a Londoner. He loved London with a passion, as Wordsworth loved the lakes. He wrote to Wordsworth: "Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull; the crowds; the very dirt and mud; the sun, shining upon houses and pavements; the old book-stalls, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange; so are your rural emotions to me."

He was born on the 10th of February, 1775, in the Crown Office Row of the Inner Temple. Thus he writes of the Temple: "Indeed it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street by unexpected avenues into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses! A man would have given something to have been born in such places."

When seven years old he was presented to the school of

Christ's College by the governor as "the son of John Lamb, scrivener, and Elizabeth, his wife," where he remained until his fifteenth year. While the great city still roared around there were two lads in that school destined to paths in life how different, yet to be linked together by friendship, until Lamb's death, in 1834, separated them. One of them has in grand words immortalized by a graphic touch the other: "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician—metaphysician—bard! How have I seen the casual passers through the cloisters stand still entranced with admiration to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Plotinus, or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Gray Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity-boy!"

One of Lamb's school-fellows, of whom he has made affectionate mention in his essay, "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," has supplied some particulars of his school days: "He was an amiable, gentle boy, very sensible and keenly observing, indulged by his school-fellows and master on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild, his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think that he was of Jewish descent. His walk was slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although there was no other boy of that name in the school. While others were all for play he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk. His delicate frame and difficulty of utterance, which was increased by agitation, unfitted him for joining in any boisterous sport."

His parents still resided in the Inner Temple, so that Charles passed from the cloister of school to the cloister of home without change. Here he had access to the library



of Mr. Salt, to whose memory his pen has given immortality in his essay, "The Old Benches of the Inner Temple." Here he "was tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, where he browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage." He applied these words to his sister, but there is no doubt they "browsed" together; they had walked hand in hand from a time extending beyond the period of their memory. Speaking of the kind of education, in one of his essays, he says: "Had I twenty girls they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids." For this sister, ten years older than himself, he cherished an affection as beautiful and unselfish as this world ever saw. There was also an older brother described by Elia in the essay, "My Relations," who fulfilled to the last Charles's affectionate injunction, "to keep the elder brother up in state."

Mary Lamb has been described by those who knew her as a woman of uncommonly good sense, with the delicate humor and rare sort of culture which her brother had. She was a very precious and most congenial companion to him; he called her his "prop," his "ever-present and inalienable friend;" he looked to her for counsel, saying, "she is older and wiser and better than me;" and during those times of temporary separation he was lost without her: "*One does not make a household,*" he wrote, "and I am in despair." Though his life was never free from anxiety, the two had a vast deal of comfort together. "Charles Lamb would be lovable," says one, "if for no other reason because of that loving heart of his for her, and tender solicitude for her all his days. It is so sweet that we almost forget the pain that went with it. We can overlook his faults, too—how small they seem in the light of his good-will to men, his charity,

his gentle humanities, and, above all, his filial and brotherly devotion!" "O, my friend," he wrote to Coleridge, "cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship; these shall give him peace at the last."

The students of Christ's Hospital were expected to enter the Church, but Lamb was so unfitted by nature for the clerical profession that he left school to pursue the uncongenial labor of the "desk's dull wood." To this hard lot he submitted with cheerfulness, and saw his school-fellows depart for the university, toward which he longingly looked, without a murmur. At first he was employed in the South Sea House under his brother John; but in 1792 he obtained an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company. His slender salary and little leisure were freely bestowed on his aged parents and sister. His recreations were confined to walks with Mary and an occasional supper with his school-fellows. One time his friends, being amused with the particularly large and flapping brim of his hat, pinned it up on the sides in the form of a cocked hat. Lamb made no alteration, but walked home in his usual sauntering gait. As he was going down Ludgate Hill some gay young men caught sight of him, exclaiming, "The veritable Guy!" and with this exclamation took him up, making a chair with their arms, carried him to a post of St. Paul's Church-yard, and left him there. He wore his three-cornered hat many evenings, and retained the name of "Guy" ever after.

When Coleridge came to London, Lamb became his admiring disciple. They used to sup together at a little inn, remaining long after they had heard the chimes at midnight. Years afterward Lamb wrote to Coleridge: "I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the "Salutation and Cat," where we have sat together through the winter nights beguiling the cares of life with poesy—when life was fresh and topics exhaustless, and you first kindled in me, if not

the power, yet the love, of poetry and beauty and kindness."

Lamb had no sympathy with the radiant philosophy and wild suggestions of Coleridge. Talfourd says: "He clung to the realities of life; to things nearest to him which the force of habit had made dear. The tendency of his mind to detect the beautiful and good in surrounding things, to nestle rather than to roam, was cherished by all the circumstances of his boyish days." He replied to a letter from Coleridge: "In my poor mind 'tis best for us to consider God as our Heavenly Father and our best friend, without indulging too bold conceptions of his nature. Let us rejoice in the name of 'dear children' and 'brethren,' seeking to know no further."

About these days he was wandering over Islington fields with one Anna, "a fair-haired maid," of whom we hear very little; but there are two or three sweet sonnets addressed rather to a memory than to her. He was looking forward to promotion in the India House, and to the pleasant sweetness of coming times. "Islington," he writes to Coleridge, "possibly you would not like. To me, 'tis classical ground."

But in 1796 the whole current of his life was changed. His sister, in a fit of insanity, seized a knife and killed their mother. The father was an infirm invalid, and the way in which Charles now rose to the greatness of the trial was as sublime as is the record of his feelings. He wrote: "My poor dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses. For Mary I can answer, but I hope *I* shall never have less recollection of what has happened than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life; and by such means may both of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty." Then he turned forever away from Islington

and dreams of the future. "I am wedded to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father," he says.

In his essay, "The Old Benches of the Inner Temple," he writes of his father's old age : "At intervals he would speak of his former life, and how he came up from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned after some years' absence and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was her own bairn. And then the excitement subsiding, he would weep till I have wished that sad second childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all, in no long time after, received him gently into hers."

While his father lived the sister was kept at an asylum. Even then the elder brother objected to her removal, and there was danger lest the parish authorities might place her life at the disposal of the crown. But Charles came to her deliverance ; he satisfied all parties by a solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life, and he faithfully kept his word. She left the asylum, and took up her abode with her brother.

With the slender income of a hundred pounds they two set forth together on their life journey, doubly endeared to each other by the strange calamity which had befallen them. He wrote to Coleridge: "With me the former things have passed away, and I have something more to do than to feel. I am recovering—God be prased for it!—a healthiness of mind something like calmness ; but I want more religion—I am jealous of human helps and leaning-places. It is a great object with me to live near town, and to quit a neighborhood where poor Mary's disorder, so frequently recurring, has made us a sort of marked people : we can be nowhere private except in the midst of London."

He speaks of a visit paid to Oxford particularly gratifying to him, but he says : "It was to a family where I could not

take Mary with me ; and I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasure I take without her." When the holidays came round and they ventured forth for a little journey, Miss Lamb carefully packed a straight waistcoat in their trunk ; it was their constant companion. As the symptoms made themselves known by restlessness and inability to sleep, she gently prepared her brother for the terrible duty he had to perform. Unless he could stave off the separation until Sunday, he was obliged to ask leave of absence as if for a day's pleasure, some quaint or witty pretense hiding the bleeding heart. On one occasion Mr. Lloyd, a well-beloved friend, met them slowly pacing together a little foot-path, both weeping bitterly. When he joined them he found they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum.

Mary Lamb shared not only the gentle nature of her brother, but also his literary talent. She wrote a charming little book, entitled "*Miss Leicester's School*," and with her brother, wrote those "*Stories from Shakespeare*" which have never lost their popularity.

In 1798 Lamb and Lloyd brought out a joint volume of blank verse, which was honored by a brief and scornful notice in "*The Monthly Review*." The same year Lamb composed his prose tale, "*Rosamond Gray*," which sold better than his poems. Talfourd says : "In this tale nothing is made out with distinctness except the rustic piety and grace of the lovely girl and her venerable grandmother, which are pictured with such earnestness and simplicity as might beseem a fragment of the Book of Ruth. The reflection he makes on the eulogistic character of tomb-stone inscriptions are drawn from his own childhood : for, when a very little boy, walking with his sister in a church-yard, he suddenly asked her, "*Mary, where do the naughty people lie ?*"

About this time he met Southey, with whom he carried



on a brisk correspondence. He thus quaintly criticises a poem in Southey's collection: "'The Rose' is the only insipid thing in the volume. It has neither thorns nor sweetness;" and adds, "I think you are too apt to conclude faintly with some cold moral. This is to convert religion into medioere feelings, which should burn and glow and tremble. A moral should be wrought into the body and soul of a poem, not tagged to the end, like a 'God send the good ship into the harbor,' at the conclusion of our bills of lading."

Lamb's next effort was a tragedy, "John Woodvil," which the reviewers passed over with a contemptuous twitter. It did not succeed on the stage, but is now acknowledged to have merit.

The establishment of the "London Magazine" occasioned Lamb's introduction to the public by the name "Elia," under which he acquired his brilliant reputation. The adoption of this signature was purely accidental. His first contribution to the magazine was a description of the Old South Sea House, where he had passed a few months' novitiate as a clerk thirty years before, and of its inmates, who had long since passed away. Remembering the name of a gay, light-hearted foreigner who fluttered there at that time, he subscribed his name to the essay. It was afterward affixed to subsequent contributions; and Lamb used it until, in his "Last Essays of Elia," he bade it a sad farewell.

Talfourd give us this pen picture of Lamb: "Methinks I see him before me now as he appeared during the twenty years of our intimacy. A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a form of head and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, with the lower outline of the

face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall describe his countenance—catch its quivering sweetness—and fix it forever in words? There are none, alas! to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought, striving with humor; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind, it can as little describe as lose. His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterized by what he himself says of a friend: ‘a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel.’

Some one has said that “humor is the literature of tears.” True it is that Charles Lamb, with his burdened, blighted life, was the prince of humorists. There are no letters in our language which so overflow with the keenest and richest fun as those which Lamb wrote to his friends. He thus lamented the abolition of the custom of observing saints’ days in public offices: “*Red-letter days*—now become to all intents and purposes *dead-letter days*. There was Paul and Stephen and Barnabas, Andrew and John, men famous in old time—we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ’s. I honored them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot, so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred; only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the better Jude with Simon—clubbing, as it were, their sanctities together, to make one poor gaudy day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.” He loved old books, and used fairly to haunt the book-stalls. In one of his letters he writes about owning books: “It is pleasanter to eat one’s own peas out of one’s own garden than to buy them by the peck at Covent Garden; and a book reads the better which is our own, and has been so long known to us that we know the topography of its blots and dog-ears,

and can trace the dirt in it to having read it at tea with buttered muffins, or over a pipe, which I think is the maximum."

Following is an extract from one of his letters after an experience of moving: "We are moved, and shall be here until the end of May, when we move to No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, where I mean to live and die; for I have such horror of moving that I would not take a benefice from the king if I was not indulged with non-residence. What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word *moving*! Such a heap of little nasty things after you think all is got into the cart: old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, vials, things it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul. They would keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy! Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodging. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, and go about in dirty gaiters. Our place of final destination—I don't mean the grave, but No. 4 Inner Temple Lane—looks out upon a gloomy church-yard-like court."

After removing to the Temple he wrote: "Here I hope to set up my rest, and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodging for single gentlemen. Hazlitt has since finished his life; I do not mean his own life, but the 'Life of Holcroft,' which is going to press. Tuthill is Dr. Tuthill. I continue Mr. Lamb. I have published a little book for children on 'Titles of Honor;' and, to give them some idea of the difference of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the king, who is the fountain of honor. As at first: 1. Mr. C. Lamb;

2. C. Lamb, Esq. ; 3. Sir C. Lamb, Bart. ; 4. Baron Lamb, of Stamford ; 5. Viscount Lamb ; 6. Earl Lamb ; 7. Marquis Lamb ; 8. Duke Lamb. I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing as, 9. King Lamb ; 10. Emperor Lamb ; 11. Pope Innocent Lamb, higher than which is nothing. The Persian Ambassador is the principal thing talked of now. His name is Shaw Ali Mirza. The common people call him Shaw Nonsense."

Thus he writes about his numerous visitors : "I am saturated with human faces and voices all the golden morning. I am never C. L., but always C. L. & Co." When Coleridge began lecturing, Lamb wrote to Miss Wordsworth : "I mean to hear some of the course ; but lectures are not much to my taste, whatever the lecturer may be. If read, they are dismal flat ; and you can't think why you are brought together to hear a man read his works which you could read so much better at leisure yourself ; if delivered extempore, I am always in pain lest the gift of utterance should suddenly fail the orator in the middle, as it did me at the dinner given in honor of me at the London Tavern. 'Gentlemen,' said I, and then I stopped ; the rest my feelings were under the necessity of supplying."

In answer to a friend who was traveling, and had sent them gifts, he says, "Your *presents* make amends for *absence*." A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling him that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral, upon which he remarked, that "they must be very sharp set." He wrote to Hazlitt that he had rented a room to use between five and eight at night, to avoid his *nocturnal*, alias *knock-eternal*, visitors.

When recovering from a severe sickness he wrote : "We sleep three in a bed here ; my bed-fellows are cough and cramp."

He uttered his protest against paying literary duties in this way : "This custom-and-duty age," he says, "would

have made the preacher on the Mount take out a license, and St. Paul's epistles not missible without a stamp !”

A proposal to erect a memorial to Clarkson upon the spot by the way-side where he formed the great resolution of devoting his life to the abolition of the slave-trade, produced from Lamb the following letter : “I return your list with my name. I should be sorry that any respect should be going on toward Clarkson and I be left out of the conspiracy. Otherwise I frankly own that to pillarize a man's good feelings in his life-time is not to my taste. The vanities of life—art, poetry, military skill—are subjects for trophies, not the silent thoughts arising in a good man's mind in lonely places. Was I Clarkson I should never be able to walk or ride near the spot again. Instead of bread we are giving him a stone. Instead of a locality recalling the noblest moment of his existence, it is a place at which his friends blow to the world, ‘What a good man is he !’ I sat down upon a hillock at Forty Hill yesternight, (a fine contemplative evening,) with a thousand good speculations about mankind. How I yearned with cheap benevolence ! I shall go and inquire of the stone-cutter that cuts the tombstones here, what a stone with a short inscription will cost, just to say, ‘Here C. Lamb loved his brethren of mankind.’”

There were times, especially during his sister's absence, when his sorrows overwhelmed him, when, as he says, “his day went into twilight, and he didn't think it worth the expense of candles.” Sometimes, it must be confessed, he would yield to the influence of intoxicating liquors ; very often he resorted to his pipe, which, he says, “is like not being at home to a dun. It comes with tenfold bitterness next day.”

An anecdote is told of Charles Lamb's stuttering, that on one occasion, being weakened and ill from overwork, he was recommended by his physician to try sea-bathing, but under the strictest orders, to take but one plunge into the invigor-



ating element. An excess of this, it was added, might be fatal. Lamb proceeded to put himself into the hands of the bathing-master, who, being in a great hurry, proceeded to dispose of his case summarily. "I am—to be—d-d-d-dipped," said Lamb. "All right," said the man, and down he went, gasping with his desire to tell the whole. "But I'm—to be—d-d-dip—," strangled poor Lamb, as he came up, now unable from his rage to even extricate the first word. "All right, sir!" assented the man, accommodately, and in he went more dead than alive. "D-d-d-d-ip"—he came up spluttering and choking, almost gone. "All right, sir!" In again with a vigorous hand. "*Only once!*" he roared, casting off the treacherous words as he came in view of life the last time. It is a comfort to know that he did *not* die from the three plunges. Probably his righteous indignation saved him.

In 1825, after thirty-three years' service at the desk of the East India Company, he was released on a pension. "For some days," he writes, "I was staggered; could not comprehend the magnitude of my deliverance. All being holidays, I feel as if I had none, as they do in heaven, where 'tis all red-letter days." Then, for the sake of his sister's health, he removed to Enfield; but from its fields he declared he could be "abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass and the stunted trees that blacken in the old church-yard nooks, which you may yet find bordering on Thames Street."

A vacation visit to the "Lakes" in the days when he was still a clerk brought forth more enthusiasm from "dead nature" than he ever before or after exhibited. "Coleridge dwells upon a small hill," he writes, "in a comfortable house quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains. We got in in the evening, traveling in a post-chaise, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine which transmuted all the mountains into colors. We thought we had got into fairy-land. But that went off and never came again while we stayed.

"We entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows ! I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed for the night, but promising that you were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study, which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half-bed. And all looking out on the last fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren ; what a night !

"We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*. 'O, its fine black head and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy ; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad ! It was a day that will stand out like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. You cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and *work*. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good than amid Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away."

One of his biographers finds the reason for this fascination in the intense humanity of the man. From the hills there looked out no human countenance on the gentle and affec-

tionate creature, and he could not trust himself alone. It was the wise instinct of the soul tracing its way back to sanity and safety.

The "Essays of Elia" cannot be compared with any thing else in all English literature. Nowhere besides do we find such quaintness, such irresistible drolleries, such delicate satire. "His words are like those of a man thinking aloud—words taken down by a reporter behind the book-shelves or the curtains."

"A Dissertation upon Roast Pig" is the most famous and original, but is not more entertaining than "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers," or "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People," or "The Old Margate Hoy." "The Superannuated Man" is himself, after being liberated from the desk. There is none more touching than "Dream Children." In it he tells us how, as children love to listen to stories about their elders when they were children, so *his* little ones came one night thronging about him to hear about their great-grandmother and the old house. He tells them, too, about their pretty dead mother, and how he courted her for seven long years. Soon the faces of the little ones grow dim and fade away, and he awakes, finding himself quietly seated in his bachelor's arm-chair, where he had fallen asleep. It reminds us that the gentle Anna, "the fair-haired maid," with whom he wandered through the fields and woods of Islington, came often to his memory, while he consoled his loneliness with the faces in fire-forms which rose and fell in the flickering light of his blazing coals.

Lamb was the center of a pleasant London circle. To him and his beloved Mary came Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Hood, and many others; and royal evenings they had together. Hazlitt has recorded an instance of Lamb's pious feelings breaking through his fancies and humors, but which, he says, cannot be appreciated except by those who can recall to memory the suffused eye and quivering lips with which

he stammered out a reference to the name he would not utter. "There is only one other person I can ever think of after this," said Lamb. "If Shakespeare was to come into the room, we should all rise to meet him; but if *that Person* were to come into it, we should all fall down and kiss the hem of his garment."

Charles Lamb died in the sixtieth year of his age, after a few days' illness. Mary survived him many years, still the center of the old circle, until she, too, died and went to take up with her brother their last lodging in Edmonton Churchyard.

Then was more fully understood the singular humor and lonely disquiet of this man, and how it was that for forty years he had walked through the world with the dread of insanity upon his own nature, and the spectacle of possible insanity daily by his side. Homage to the great heart that quietly took up and fulfilled its heavy burden of duty!

But, while giving him full credit for this, we cannot forget that he indulged the appetite for strong drink. He did not excuse the habit; he fought against it. He conquered the pipe, but the bottle he could not conquer. Heroic as he was in many things he was vanquished here. Let the young take his sad story to heart, and in early life acquire the habit of total abstinence.

# CHARLES LAMB.

[THOUGHT-OUTLINE TO HELP THE MEMORY.]

1. Place and time of birth? School in early life? Employed by East India Company?
2. Intimacy with Coleridge? Mary Lamb? Southey? Name of "Elia?"
3. Talfourd's description of Lamb? When pensioned by East India Company? His writings? His death? His heroism?

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